EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

VOL. XXII.—No. 8. A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME. DEC. 16, 1906.

MADONNA AND CHILD—H. J. SINKEL.

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us, 'tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter, and intimates eternity to man.

ADDISON.

CHRISTMAS.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, old Earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snowflakes which cover the sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ-child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod;
That this is the marvel to mortals revealed,
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE PRIZE LETTER.

BY RUTH V. CLARK.

"'TWAS the week before Christmas,'' sang Viola one bright morning just seven days before a visit from Santa Claus was expected.

"Dear me, suzzie!' moaned Willie, "I wis Tanta Taus would tome now, wight off this minute!"

Mamma couldn't help smiling at the impatient little boy, though it was rather a tired smile. The weeks before Christmas are such busy times, and mamma must help at least a little with all of the work and plans.

Papa was reading the morning paper, and did not seem to have heard any of the talk; but now he looked up, and said: "Here is a chance for some of you youngsters. Shall I read it to you?"

"Yes, yes! What is it?" All of the girls tried to get near enough to look at the paper so as to be able to hear better, while Willie promptly climbed into his father's lap, and got his head in front of the paper.

"Well, then, listen. This is what the paper says."

NORTH POLE, Dec. 18, 1904.

My Dear Children of Utopia,—To that boy or girl under twelve years of age who writes the best letter to me before December 21, I will give a Christmas present as a reward. Each letter may ask for three things, and must be addressed to me in care of Mr. A. C. Brown of your city.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas, I remain your friend, SANTA CLAUS.

"Well," demanded papa, when he had finished reading the letter, "what do you think of that? How many of you are going to write to Santa Claus?"

"I am," "So am I," and "So will I," the three girls shouted, while Willie looked rather forlorn, because he knew he was not big enough to write letters.

Papa and mamma laughed, and mamma said: "Now, girls, hurry with your work, and then you can go to writing. But, remember, each one must do your letter all alone, or it wouldn't be fair."

Never were dishes washed or rooms picked up or plants watered more quickly than on this morning. And, while they were working, each little girl was thinking what three things they wished for most. Just as it seemed they had decided, something else would be remembered, and then they had to arrange their list all over again.

Once Katie said, "Dear me, I want six things, and I can't think which three I want most." Which is a trouble most of us would have, I am sure, if we tried to reduce our dearest wishes to three.

After much writing and blotting and copying, the letters were dropped into the mail-box, addressed to "Mr. Santa Claus, care of Mr. A. C. Brown, Utopia," and the waiting began.

"Don't be too eager," cautioned mamma, "for just think how many other children have written letters too, and you know only one can get the prize. But now," she continued, after looking at the sober little faces, "I would put on my wraps and play out of doors for a while. It's a beautiful day, and maybe you will hear of some other letters that have been written."

It was just as mamma predicted. The children were hardly out of doors before their neighbor, Mary Clark, asked if they had written to Santa Claus, and a boy, whom they knew, said he was going to get that prize, "you bet," and it was a watch he was sure. And in fact every child they saw seemed to have made three wishes in a letter.

The days passed more slowly than ever after the letters were written; but the day before Christmas came at last, and the children held their breaths while papa unfolded the paper, and began looking for the announcement that would end the suspense of so many little children in Utopia, disappoint all but one, and please that little boy or girl so much. "Here it is. I have found it on the last page. Why, mamma!" papa exclaimed in pleased surprise.

"Oh, read, read, please!" begged Sarah, while the other girls could not stand still, and even mamma came and looked over papa's shoulder.

"Mr. A. C. Brown announces," papa read, "that out of over three hundred letters which were written to Santa Claus by the children of Utopia the best one was written by Viola Wright, and to her the prize, a talking doll, is awarded. Below we print the prize letter:

UTOPIA, N.Y., Dec. 18, 1904.

Dear Mr. Santa Claus,—I am going to write you a letter and ask for three things as you said in the morning paper. I am ten years old. I wish you would bring to my sister Sarah a doll, for her big one is broken. And to my sister Katie a set of dishes. She likes roses best. Could you give her that kind? I wish you would give my brother Willie a drum.

Now, Santa Claus, I hope you will have a very nice time Christmas.

Your friend,
VIOLA WRIGHT.

When papa stopped reading, they all looked at Viola; but she was too surprised to talk just then. Sarah and Katie looked grave; but still, if they could not get the prize, it was next best to have Viola get it.

"That is what I call a pretty fine letter," papa said heartily; but mamma said not a word. She kissed Viola, and thought what a generous little daughter she had.

A REAL SANTA CLAUS.

SANTA CLAUS, I hang for you,
By the mantel, stockings two:
One for me, and one to go
To another boy I know.

There's a chimney in the town
You have never travelled down.
Should you chance to enter there,
You would find a room all bare;
Not a stocking could you spy,
Matters not how you would try;
And the shoes you'd find are such
As no boy would care for much.
In a broken bed you'd see
Some one just about like me,
Dreaming of the pretty toys
Which you bring to other boys:
And to him a Christmas seems
Merry only in his dreams.
All he dreams, then, Santa Claus,
Stuff the stocking with, because,
When it's filled up to the brim,
I'll be Santa Claus to him!

Little Folks Lyrics.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT OF MOTHER.

BY MARION E. PICKERING.

THE five children scrambled up the haymow, and nestled down under the eaves of the dim old barn,—Jack, just promoted to upper grade in the grammar school; Margaret, the mother's helper; Beth, the sunshine girl; Norman, the happy-go-lucky; and Robert, familiarly known as Bobbets, the two year's old baby.

There was to be a grand council of the five; for there was an important question to be discussed, and mother had agreed to abide by their decision. But she said that she was so sure that John Garland's children would be unselfish that she felt safe to pack her suit-case at once, and make ready for the six o'clock train.

Mother was fond of calling them John Garland's children. There was always what Beth called a great shining in her eyes when she spoke of father. She was so proud of him, and no wonder; for hadn't he just done something perfectly splendid? The children hardly understood what it was all about, but it was something concerning partnership and losses and creditors and money that must be paid back before one spent even an extra penny. Mother had made every child of them feel that it was a great privilege to wear patched shoes and faded dresses and cut-over jackets, and so help father to do what he considered Honorable,—spelled with a capital H.

And, when at last he had paid the very last dollar, father had just collapsed after the long strain. The doctor had gravely declared that he must have a decided change at once, so he had gone on a long sea voyage as su-per-car-go, whatever that might be. It sounded delightfully mysterious and important, and the children always pronounced it by syllables. And now the ship was delayed, and it was Christmas Eve!

Christmas without father was enough to bear, but that very morning a hurried letter had arrived from Cousin Frances. She begged mother to come at once, for dear Aunt Lucy was very ill indeed. "At once" meant the six o'clock express on Christmas Eve.

"Ought mother to go?" That was the question.

"I've just got to have my mother for Christmas!" sobbed Norman, burrowing in the hay until only a pair of plump ankles was visible.

"Got to have muvver for Kismas," whimpered Bobbets, who was the family echo.

"Aunt Lucy brought mother up," announced Jack, soberly

"And was perfectly lovely to her when she had no father nor mother nor home nor anything!" added Margaret, quietly brushing off a stray tear.

"We'll give Aunt Lucy our very best Christmas present,—mother for Christmas Day!" cried Beth, betwixt a laugh and a sob. Then the question was put to vote, and Jack gravely declared that "The ayes had it." Norman and Bobbets, swelling with importance, waved their right arms lustily, although like some voters of more mature age they had not the slightest idea of what they had brought to pass.

Everybody raced to the house to tell mother. Strange to say, she had been so sure of John Garland's children that she was already pinning on her hat before the mirror.

Good faithful Hannah was summoned from the kitchen, and there was a hurried conference. Jack would tend fires, wait upon Hannah, and be the man of the house in father's stead. Margaret was to mother everybody in general and Bobbets in particular. Beth must be just her own dear little self,—chief sunshine-maker. Hannah would cook the usual Christmas dinner. At nine o'clock on Christmas night mother would hurry home as fast as steam could bring her.

Then mother told them a grand secret. That very moment there was a beautiful tree with "really" candles and presents for everybody, waiting in the parlor. At quarter past nine, sharp, each child should help to light those candles. With such an unheard-of dissipation in prospect, Norman, and even Bobbets, was sure to be very wide awake indeed.

"Please, mother," begged Norman, clinging to his mother's skirt, "please lock the parlor door: I'm so afraid I'll just have to peek!"

"Oh, no, indeed," cried mother, brightly, with a parting hug. "Why, John Garland's little boy couldn't peek, you know!" And, with a kiss all around, mother was gone.

Jack had planned a grand coasting expedition for Christmas morning; but at midnight the snow clouds drew a soft curtain over the Christmas stars, and, when the children awoke, the air was alive with great feathery flakes.

"It's fun to give people presents, but it's dreadful to give your own mother," whispered Beth, dropping a quiet tear or two upon the back of Minerva, her pet kitten. But Minerva rubbed and purred and was altogether so sympathetic that it was a very bright-faced Beth that emerged from behind the wood-box and danced across the kitchen, chanting, "Mother's coming home to-night!"

Everybody was so determined to be cheery, Bobbets was so utterly bewitching, and the Christmas pudding bubbled so sociably in the great brick oven, that nobody could be so very doleful after all.

Kind-hearted Hannah, who was wont to object to the least "mussing up" of her neat kitchen, threw the door wide open, and actually proposed molasses candy and corn-balls! And who would have dreamed that she could tell such fascinating stories, beginning with, "When I was a little girl down in Maine State." "And it wasn't a bear at all, but just Neighbor Smith's big yellow dog," concluded Hannah, peering over her glasses at her breathless listeners, when there came a furious jingling of sleigh-bells.

The stage was at the door, somebody with a plump valise leaped to the ground and floundered through the garden. Who could it be? Then there was a great shout and rush. It was actually father! Such a big, brown, healthy, laughing father! He needed at least four more pairs of arms as his family seized him and drew him inside the door, and he needed several more pairs of ears to catch the answer to his first anxious question, "Where's mother?"

Everybody shouted an explanation, and it was Bobbets who enlightened him at last with his "Poor Aunt Lucy sick. Muvver all gone."

There was so much to hear and to tell that the afternoon and early evening fairly flew, and, before the children could realize the fact, it was really time to listen for the train whistle the other side of the bridge.

"Bless me!' cried father, snatching up his valise and darting into the parlor, "I've some little presents of my own to add to that wonderful tree!" Norman and Bobbets were obliged to hug each other very tightly indeed to keep John Garland's little boys from peeking.

The depot sleigh creaked up to the gate. Margaret held up a small forefinger warningly. "We must prepare mother," she said in her most grandmotherly manner, "for she doesn't expect father so soon." There was a sudden flurry at the door, and mother, tearful and smiling and breathless, was whisked into the midst of her little flock.

"Something has happened, mother dear," said Margaret in a queer shaky little voice, as she drew off veil and gloves and rubbers.

Mother gave a great start. "Oh, dear, Bobbets hasn't tumbled downstairs again," she cried, swiftly examining that sleepy young person, and making sure none of his small members were missing.

"It's something good, the best thing that could possibly happen," Jack hastened to add, startled by his mother's white face. But mother had caught a glimpse of a familiar, faded overcoat, and flew across the hall just as father flung open the parlor door.

This time the children had to retreat to the kitchen and unite in one big hug all around; for there in the flickering firelight was a shadowy something, covered with fluttering streamers and funny, knobby bundles.

Lifted high in father's arms, Bobbets solemnly lighted the topmost candle. The torch was passed to each in turn, until the gay little tree was a wonderful blaze of light. Father was Santa Claus, of course, and it did seem as if everybody received the simple gift especially desired.

The tiny views, actually brought from over seas, were henceforth to be hoarded with the children's greatest treasures.

Last of all, the little family gathered around the fire, kindled to a final cheery blaze with fagots and driftwood. The children listened with sober faces while mother told them how dear Aunt Lucy had fallen peacefully asleep, clasping the hand of "her own little girl," as she always called mother. And in every childish heart the same peaceful thought drifted into the Christmas dreams,—"I'm so glad we gave her our very best Christmas gift, the gift of mother."

IN NAZARETH TOWN.

As to the rose's petals pure
The rose's heart of gold
Was Nazareth to the encircling hills
In the brave days of old.

The narrow street, a straggling vine,
Against the hillside clung;
And from its stem the village homes
In meagre clusters hung.

And down the street, with eager feet,
The village mothers came:
Let fancy follow without fear,
And listen void of blame.

A simple tale they have to tell,
The bubbling spring beside:
The like doth come a thousand times
By every time and tide.

Nor more than this,—enough of bliss
For Mary, mother mild,—
Upon her breast there lies at rest
A little, new-born child.

O happy women at the well,
For Mary's sake so glad,
Be tender with the tiny babe
And with the growing lad!

Make sweet and pleasant to his feet
The path while yet you may,
For steep and rough it yet shall be
For many a weary day.

But all of this to thee is strange,
As, safe from every harm,
Thou liest soft and warm and sweet
Upon thy mother's arm.

And little dream the village folk,
Upon the hillside brown,
What wondrous fame their Jesus' name
Shall bring to Nazareth town.

CHADWICK.

For Every Other Sunday.

LOOKING FOR A CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY LAURA HUNGERFORD.

TWO days before Christmas Harry started out to find a Christmas-tree. He went down the path, across the road, and into a big grove. There he looked around carefully, hoping to see a tree just large enough for his father, his mother, his baby sister, and himself. Strange to say, he could not find one. There were very, very tall trees, and there were tiny little ones, no higher than his knee; but there wasn't one the proper size. After he had walked about for a long time, and had begun to get rather discouraged, he suddenly caught sight of one that was exactly what he wanted. He ran toward it, and tried to pull it up.

"Here, here, boy, let my tree alone," shouted a harsh voice behind him.

He turned, and there stood Santa Claus with an axe on his shoulder. At a little distance was the sleigh, with its eight reindeer. It was heaped with Christmas-trees which Santa Claus had been cutting in the forest. That was why Harry had not been able to find any.

"I only want one tree,—one small one,—and you've got such a lot," begged Harry. He felt a little frightened, somehow. He had seen many pictures of Santa Claus, all smiling and merry; but this one scowled terribly as he spoke.

"Hum," grunted Santa Claus. "A tree? Well, what'll you pay me for it?"

Harry thought a moment. Then he offered what he liked best. "My white kitten," he said. He hated to lose his pet, but the family really needed a Christmas-tree.

"Kitten!" roared Santa Claus. "I've got 9,723 at home now,—all with gold collars and bells."

Harry tried again. "How would you like my jack-knife?"

Santa Claus looked crosser than ever. "Don't you know that my pack is full of jack-knives at this time of year? Why, 600 fairies have been working day and night for months to get them ready. Just finished the last batch this morning. But, if you haven't anything to give me for the tree, suppose you do something for me, instead."

"All right," said Harry. That sounded easy enough. "What do you want me to do?"

"Well, the next time your mother tells you to do something, just say, 'I won't.' Then you can have the tree."

"I don't want to do that," said Harry.

"Or," continued Santa Claus, "when you go home and your father asks where you have been, tell him over to Rob's or down to the store or round by the cross-roads to see how the coasting was."

"Tell a lie, you mean? No, indeed, I won't do that."

Santa Claus's face was growing kinder somehow; but he wanted to try Harry once more, so he said, "Well, for such a very fine tree, you would surely be willing to stick a pin into baby sister—not too far, only about half an inch?"

"I wouldn't hurt baby sister for a million Christmas-trees," exclaimed Harry. "You are a wicked old man! I don't believe you are Santa Claus at all. He wouldn't ask me to tell lies and be disobedient."

Santa Claus's eyes twinkled and twinkled, and his face was jollier than in any picture. He burst into a big laugh, and patted Harry on the shoulder. "Take your tree, and run along home with it. If you had promised to do any of those naughty things, I should not have given you the tree, and beside that I should have left a bundle of rods in your stocking on Chrismas morning. As it is, I shall put in a drum, a train of cars, a—well, well, I mustn't tell you any more about it now, or you won't be surprised when the time really comes."

So he cut down the tree with one blow of his axe, and Harry carried it home on his shoulder. It was a pretty large tree, but, strange to say, it did not seem to weigh a pound.

HEROISM is largely based upon two qualities,—truthfulness and unselfishness, a readiness to put one's own pleasure aside for that of others, to be courteous to all, kind to those younger than yourself, helpful to your parents, even if that helpfulness demands some slight sacrifice of your own pleasure. *Home Magazine.*

A republic properly understood is a sovereignty of justice, in contradistinction to a sovereignty of will. Thomas Paine.

For Every Other Sunday.

PEACE AND GOOD WILL.

BY HOWARD C. IVES.

Softly on Judea's hills the sleeping moonlight lay;
Sweetly sang the midnight stars along their pathless way;
Wakeful watched the shepherds there before the camp-fire's glow,
Weary, keeping loving guard upon the flock below.

Suddenly that wondrous song came floating through the sky,
And all the stars their singing hushed to hear the joyous cry:
"Peace, Peace on earth, good will to men," the gladsome voices rang:
"Peace and good will." Oh, message sweet that first those angels sang!

How calmly sank the sun upon that far-forgotten day!
How softly on the shadowy hills the sleeping starlight lay!
How homely was the labor of those toilers of the hills!
Yet through this common night and task a sacred meaning thrills.

For all the world is ringing with the story of that night:
Of how the angels singing came to shepherds on the height,
And how the stillness echoed to the solemn anthem then
Of "peace on earth, sweet peace, good will on earth to men."

And now one angel voice rings out the wondrous words to sing,
"For unto us a child is born and unto us a King
Whose name shall be Immanuel,"—the host chimes in again,
"Glory to God on high,—on earth sweet peace, good will to men."

Not to princes throned in power did those sweet voices come,
They came not with triumphant hosts and roll of martial drum;
But humble shepherds at their posts their round of duty trod,
And watched their flocks, and fed their fires, and heard the voice of God.

Where'er is told the story, new with every Christmas light,
There, too, is told how shepherds watched their fleecy charge by night,
And heard those angel voices, and, in solemn reverence bound,
Fell down in awe and hid unworthy faces in the ground.

And not alone in holiness the singers and the song:
To those poor shepherds at their toil a sacredness belongs.
And God still speaks through common tasks, whoever will may hear,—
Holy the voice and message, holy the reverent ear.

CHRISTMAS LONGINGS.—E. NICOL.

For Every Other Sunday.

STORIES OF RINGS.

BY ANNA J. BULLARD.

Did you ever think about the different kinds of rings that people must have worn since the world began?

There was a real Egyptian mummy found not long ago, and on the fingers of the crossed hands were nine gold rings. Two were thumb rings, very wide, with queer hieroglyphics or words cut in them. Very likely one of the early kings had used some of them to seal his papyrus letters with.

The Roman people to this day wear amber and glass rings, but they are for the poor people who cannot afford gold, which indeed is still very expensive in European countries.

One can learn much from the history of a country, by seeing the finger-rings and listening to the strange stories about them.

In the northern part of Europe the Laplanders attach to an iron ring a tiny one for every one hundred pair of reindeers which they own. It would seem as though a tight kid glove, should they by chance wear such an affair, would be rather an ill-fitting thing.

The rings belonging to the hard-working peasants in the Tyrol are called luck rings. They are set with the teeth of the sure-footed chamois, who climb so skilfully over the rugged Alpine cliffs; and some have a small box attached, in which a circle of hair is securely placed and then locked there with a tiny silver key. But this is not half as pretty as a ring with a miniature set in its face surrounded by tiny diamonds which glisten in such a way as to light the face of the miniature.

In early days slaves wore bronze rings, rudely shaped, however, which must really have been heavy for the hand to carry, especially in the warm season. The rosy cheeked, white-capped Breton peasants sometimes wear a circlet of red beads about the second finger, in the centre of which is a crucifix, showing that they are devoted Catholics.

Somewhere we read that very wicked Italian gentlemen of the sixteenth and seventeenth century carried in their rings tiny drops of poison, which they could, by means of a concealed spring, drop into the glass of an enemy when he happened to be dining with him, and so put an end to his life.

But how should you feel if, after having cut a fine seal ring for a gentleman, he should lose it, and then find that your life was to be forfeited if you could not make another exactly like it? For of course with it the man had signed many important documents, accounts, and bills. Such was a law at one time, long gone by, in the Orient; and we may rejoice that we are not seal cutters in these days, and liable to lose our lives at any moment.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little words are the sweetest to hear, little lakes are stillest, little hearts are the fullest, and little farms are the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs are the most loved. And little children—"of such is the kingdom of heaven." And, when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews.

"WILL IT BEAR?"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THEY tell a lovely story, in lands beyond the sea,
How, when the King of Glory lay on his mother's knee,
Before the prophet princes came, bringing gifts in hand,
The dumb beasts felt the miracle men could not understand.

The gentle, patient donkey and the ox that trod the corn
Knelt down beside the manger, and knew that Christ was born;
And so they say in Sweden, at twelve each Christmas night,
The dumb beasts kneel to worship, and see the Christmas light!

This fancy makes men kinder to creatures needing care;
They give them Christmas greeting and dainty Christmas fare;
The cat and dog sup gayly, and a sheaf of golden corn
Is raised above the roof-tree for the birds on Christmas morn.

MARY FIELD WILLIAMS.

Of friends, however humble, scorn not one.
WORDSWORTH.

THE true pleasures of home are not without, but within; and the domestic man who loves no music so well as his own kitchen clock and the airs which the logs sing to him as they burn on the hearth, has solaces which others never dream of. We love the ticking of the clock and the flicker of the fire, like the sound of the cawing of rooks, not for their own sakes, but for their associations.

LUBBOCK.

For Every Other Sunday.

CHIPMUNKS.

BY GRACE MAY NORTH.

I PUT some hickory nuts on a shelf.
"No one can get them but some nimble elf.
Brownies *could* reach them, or chance wingéd Fay.
They will not want them," I said to myself.
Nuts were all gone from the basket next day,—
Chipmunks, the Brownies that stole them away.

For Every Other Sunday.

A CHRISTMAS ROSE-BUSH.

BY ALICE JOSEPHINE JOHNSON.

IT was very perplexing to little Jack Dowling. Miss Ranney, his Sunday-School teacher, had been talking to the children about Christmas, and telling them how the wise men brought gifts to the baby Jesus; and then she had said that the best way to have a happy Christmas was to give something to others, "something of some value to yourself," she added, "that has cost you some work or some sacrifice. Don't think, for instance, that it is enough to give some cast-off toy that you are tired of playing with to some child poorer than you are. Give something you would really like yourself."

All this puzzled little Jack. He knew hardly any children, and none poorer than himself. So he ventured to whisper to Miss Ranney, when he had a chance, "Must it be a child?" She understood him quickly, and said, smiling brightly: "No, indeed. Grown-up people will do just as well."

That helped a little; but Jack still worried over the problem as to whom he should select to receive his gift, and still more as to what he could give.

Poor little Jack was very much alone in the world. His father and mother were both dead. He had no brothers and sisters, and his mother's aunt, with whom he had been living, was no longer able to take care of him, and was even now planning to send him to an orphan asylum, a place from which Jack shrank with nameless terror, fearing he knew not what.

Not far from his aunt Jane's tiny shanty was a large estate owned by a wealthy man, who lived there alone except for his servants. As Jack was passing the house on his way from Sunday School, still thinking of Miss Ranney's talk, he heard a lady just ahead of him say to her companion: "Don't envy poor Mr. Lancaster his money. He is the poorest man I know in real happiness."

Jack opened his blue eyes wide at that, and hurried home to ask his aunt what the lady could mean.

Aunt Jane told him that Mr. Lancaster's wife and only child had been drowned years before by the capsizing of a pleasure boat, and Mr. Lancaster had shut himself up in his great house, and taken no pleasure in anything since.

"So I suppose he is worse off than many poorer people with all their troubles," added Aunt Jane.

Jack pondered long over this, and at last decided that Mr. Lancaster was the one to whom he ought to make a Christmas gift, since he was worse off than anybody else.

And then came the question of what to give him. The right thing to do seemed to be to give Jack's dearest treasure,—a little artificial rose-bush in a tiny flower-pot. It was the gift of a dealer in such wares, who lived in the neighborhood; and certain it is that many an owner of extensive conservatories might well envy the child his delight in his little plant. It was a struggle to part with it; but he made up his mind to the sacrifice manfully, baby as he was, and the next afternoon—the day before Christmas—he called at the big house, flower-pot in hand, and inquired for Mr. Lancaster. The maid who opened the door said that Mr. Lancaster was not at home; but she could not resist Jack's wistful plea to be allowed to wait, and she even lifted him up into the high hall chair. She was called away just then by a ring at the back door, and, being kept busy in the kitchen, forgot all about the little fellow.

When Mr. Lancaster came in, he started with surprise at sight of a child asleep in the hall, and then bent over to look at him.

"Rachel," he called to his housekeeper, who had formerly been his child's nurse, "where did this child come from?"

Rachel came hurrying in. "I'm sure I don't know, sir," she said, and then exclaimed, "How like our Robbie he looks!"

"A marvellous likeness," said Mr. Lancaster, emphatically, evidently much moved. "But how came he here?"

Just then Jack awoke, and replied for himself. Slipping down from his chair, with the flower-pot clasped tightly in his hand,—even in his sleep he had kept fast hold of it,—he went up to Mr. Lancaster, and said shyly, "I bwought you a flower for Chwistmas."

To his surprise the gentleman caught him in his arms, saying with a quiver in his voice: "And he has my boy's pretty, broken speech. Robbie never conquered his r's." Then he turned to Jack, "And why, my dear little fellow, did you bring me a present?'

But Jack grew shy at this, and only murmured, "'Tause I wanted to."

Mr. Lancaster did not press the matter, but led him on by his kindly questioning, until Jack was prattling happily about himself and Aunt Jane, when a lady was ushered in to see Mr. Lancaster. She looked surprised to see a child sitting in Mr. Lancaster's lap, and asked laughingly: "Why, who is this? Have you adopted a boy?" And then, looking at Jack more closely, she exclaimed: "Why, that's the little boy I saw at the Home the other day. We were having a meeting of the Board of Managers, and the matron brought in this child, whose aunt had just called to make application for his admission to the Home." And then, without waiting for Mr. Lancaster to speak, she went on to the business which had brought her there, and apparently forgot Jack's existence.

Mr. Lancaster felt the little form in his arms press closer to him, and he looked down to see, with dismay, that the tears were rolling down the child's cheeks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Mr. Lancaster, interrupting himself in the midst of a sentence.

Jack whispered tremulously: "She won't take me there now, the night before Chwistmas, will she? Oh, please, don't let her!"

"Indeed, I'll not," said Mr. Lancaster, laughing, though there was a break in his voice. "Run out to Rachel, now, and get something to eat. That's a good boy. I want to talk to Mrs. Lester."

The result of his conversation with the lady was evidently satisfactory, and he had a merry greeting for Jack when the latter returned from the kitchen, where he had been feasting on good things, and who was in the highest spirits.

"So you don't want to go to the Home?" asked Mr. Lancaster.

Jack's face clouded, and he hung his head. "Oh, no, no, sir; but there's no other way, Aunt Jane says."

"How would you like to be my little boy, and live here with Rachel and me?" asked Mr. Lancaster.

"Oh, if I only could!" said Jack, drawing a long breath, while his eyes shone.

"Well, you can, and you shall, my dear, if Rachel's willing, and she looks as if she would be," said Mr. Lancaster, nodding toward Rachel's smiling face.

Jack gave a leap of delight. "And sit in your lap, and have cake and owanges, and I can see my flower-pot evewy day!" he added, as his eyes fell on the rose-bush.

"Isn't he a darling, Rachel?" Mr. Lancaster cried, while Rachel, divided between laughter and tears, gave Jack what he described as "the biggest hug he ever had."

Jack is a big boy now, and has spent many happy years with his adopted father; but the little flower-pot is still carefully kept under glass, and it would be hard to tell whether Mr. Lancaster or Jack prizes it most highly.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Why do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay,
Pillowed soft upon the hay,
And its mother sang and smiled,
"This is Christ, the holy child."

Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.

Eugene Field.

For Every Other Sunday.

TAD'S TURKEY TEAM.

BY MINNIE B. LINN.

Terry Bard and Terry Stong were playmates, who lived in the country. Terry Bard lived with his grandparents, and the two boys were together morning, noon, and night, and that's how Terry Bard came to be called "Tad."

They were just six years old, and their birthdays chanced to be in the jolly month of December, with snowballing, coasting, and the holidays all crowded into one brief moon.

Snow lay deep on the ground, the coasting was fine on the hill beyond the Stong barn, where the track was as smooth as glass. "Say, Tad, I've got a dandy new sled. It's all painted red, white, and blue. It's name is 'Old Glory.' Won't we have glorious times?"

Terry was so excited that he could hardly wait until he got to the hill for a slide on that cold, frosty, Saturday morning.

It did seem rather lucky to have a new sled when Tad's old one had been in so many wrecks. It was, "One—two—three, and away we go," over and over again, as they sped down the shining hillside all morning.

Few teams were on the road, so the boys had nothing to do but slide and then slide again. The time had come for the last ride before turning homeward. A team had just passed, and the boys made haste to follow. Down, down, the slippery hillside the sled flew, and, before they had time to know what had happened, Tad and Terry were laying in the snowy ditch, 'Old Glory' smashed to kindling wood. Terry was unconscious by Tad's side.

The man, driving the team, fearing something had happened to the boys, came quickly to their aid. Terry was lifted into the big bob-sled, and taken to his home, where he spent some long, tiresome days when Tad was in school.

Coasting had now lost all of its charms for Tad, snowballing was hard work when Terry wasn't there. So Tad was left alone to find something to do. Two or three days passed, and Tad was frantic. He never liked to play alone.

One morning he said to himself, "When I get to be a big man, I'm going to be a coachman, and drive a fine carriage, with a pair of sleek horses, one white and the other jet black, just like Mr. Nelson's." As he finished speaking, the two old gobblers which grandpa had kept for the Christmas feast came strutting along, and, strange to say, one was white as snow, while the other was as black as coal. "Hurrah! hurrah! for my turkey team," said Tad. "Here you are, my fine turks."

He fished out some strong cords which he had stowed away in his pockets, and began to fasten them about the necks of Ned and Ted, which names he had given the gobblers early in the summer.

The turkeys had been very friendly on this particular morning, which Tad had forgotten was only two days before Christmas.

It was "Whoa, Ned; whoa, Ted; get along, Ned; hurry up, Ted"; until Tad, as well as the turkeys, were tired. Again and again Tad fancied that he was the big coachman, and around and around went his black and white team, so sleek, fat, and prancing. On the day before Christmas, Tad had been playing that business had called him to the near-by town, so he had driven a long ways, following the beaten paths made by the sheep and cattle, up and down the lane.

Tad had not seen Terry for a whole day, so decided to put the team away and walk over to neighbor Stong's The turkeys were set free, and Tad was about to put on his pretty, red mittens, when he saw but one was to be found.

"Well, well, where's the other mitt? What did I do with it?" Ned and Ted could have told him, if they could have talked. "If I were a girl, I'd just cry; but I ain't no cry-baby. I must find that new mitten—'cause—'cause, mebbe grandma—mebbe she'll scold, and mebbe she'll"— Tad did not finish the sentence. He knew night was fast coming, and that he must hurry.

Ned and Ted couldn't understand why they were not needed now, so they followed Tad out and in the yard, around and around again: everywhere Tad went they went too. Down the long snowy lane he ran, with Ned and Ted closely following. The new red mitten never looked so pretty, bright, and warm as it did when Tad caught sight of it on the snow-white flakes. He put it on with a jerk, and up the lane he ran—faster than he had gone down.

It was bedtime for turkeys. What was the use of them going back to the barn to sleep in a cold, bare tree, when there were plenty of tall, thick evergreens close by!

That night Grandpa Bard hunted high, and he hunted low, in the barn and in the yard, for two big, fat gobblers. Grandma's help was sought, yet not a turkey seemed to be on the farm. It was plain to be seen that Ned and Ted did not intend to be eaten that year at least. Grandpa wondered, and he waited on

Christmas morning, but not a turkey came to breakfast.

Part of the company had arrived from the city, so Uncle Joe and grandpa drove to town and bought two of the choicest birds on sale.

Grandma and Aunt Lizzie were waiting for them. The Stongs and the other neighbors came. Tad and Terry were in high glee.

After dinner Tad wanted to show Terry his new black and white team, so out they went. Not a turkey was to be found. At last Tad remembered the lost mitten, so down the lane they ran, and found both Ned and Ted waiting for Tad to come.

The cords were soon fastened around the necks of the team. Up the lane went turkeys and boys.

How surprised grandpa and grandma were! They each declared that Santa Claus had had a hand in the work.

Ned and Ted were given to Tad, and many a drive did Tad and his turkey team have after that.

LONG AGO.

Long and long, and long ago,
O'er the sea, o'er the sea,
In a rude and lowly manger
Lay a little heavenly stranger,
In Judæa, long ago, long ago.

Only shepherds, lowly, lowly,
Came to welcome him, the holy,
On that midnight long ago, long ago;
But across the dark of night,
Angels hailed him with delight;
And the courts of heaven rang
As they sang, long ago, long ago.

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

A REAL MAGIC MIRROR.

BY KATE LAWRENCE.

LITTLE Marian's aunt had read to her the beautiful story of "The Mirror in the Pansy Bed," that was in *Every Other Sunday* for March 12, 1905. Marian took it all literally, and, though aunty tried to explain that it was "figurative," of course, Marian didn't know any more about it from that.

"The mirror is in your eyes," said aunty, "and it makes you see that everybody is good and lovely, when everybody else thinks they are horrid."

"I don't think everybody is good," said Marian. "Some people are horrid."

"If you had a magic mirror in your eye," said aunty, mysteriously, "you would see good in everybody."

"I've got two eyes," said Marian, "and there isn't any glass in them. I don't have to wear glasses," she added, looking mischievously at auntie's gold-brimmed ones. "I'm going to look in our pansy bed, and see if I can find a mirror there."

It was of no use to explain, and Marian ran off. Every morning after that, as soon as she came downstairs, she ran out to look in the pansy bed, to see if there was a magic mirror there. I do not suppose you will believe me, but it is a fact that on the morning of her birthday she really did find in the pansy bed a nice little hand-mirror in a gilt frame. She never doubted that the fairies had brought it; for, if they would bring one to Fanchon, why not to her? You remember that in the story, no one could see the wonderful mirror except Fanchon herself. Marian thought of that, and wondered if hers was like it.

"Jonah! Jonah!" she called, as the old gardener passed on his rounds, "come here. There is a mirror in this pansy bed. Can you see it?"

Jonah rubbed his eyes. "My stars!" said he, "I should think I did see it! I ain't blind, I hope."

"How did it get into my pansy bed?"

Mamma came to the door at that moment to call Marian to breakfast, and Marian didn't know whether to be surprised or delighted that she saw it, too.

"I not only see it," said mamma, "but I see myself in it. It is tilted backward just like the one in the story, isn't it?"

Everybody saw it except aunty, who, when she was called out, shut her eyes, and declared that she didn't see anything. But aunty never could see glass. She had broken two fine tumblers and a delicate vase because she could not see them when she had her eye-glasses on.

"You would better pick it up," said mamma, "and bring it into the house. Perhaps aunty will be able to see it there. What a pity her eyes are so bad!"

"Won't the fairies be 'fended?" asked Marian. "Fanchon kept hers."

"But it vanished away, didn't it?" said mamma. "If she had taken better care of it, she might have kept it. Yours isn't like hers, either: it will get spoiled if you leave it out here."

"It is a lovely mirror," said Marian, looking into it earnestly. "You do look beauty-fool in it, mamma. Oh, here comes that horrid, bad girl that stole all our fuchsia blossoms."

"Hush-sh!" said mamma, holding up her finger. "Look at her in your mirror. See if she doesn't look like a good girl in that."

"No," said Marian, after a long look, during which the little strayer had passed out of sight; "but she didn't look quite so bad in it."

"Look again," said mamma, when they were seated at the breakfast table, "look until you can think of something good to say of her."

"Well!" said Marian, looking straight into her own blue eyes, "perhaps if I had been—been"—and she paused trying to remember something that mamma had said to her—"been her mother's little girl, I wouldn't have known that it is wicked to steal."

"Besides," said mamma, "we do not know that she did steal our fuchsias. It only seems very likely that she did."

"I knew that it was a magic mirror," said aunty. "Now when we are tempted, any of us, to say anything against another person, we will look in the mirror first, and look until we can see something good to say of that person. You came home yesterday, Marian, because Edith wasn't nice to you. Look in the glass now, and think of something good to say about her."

"Oh! I don't have to look in the glass for that," said Marian, looking, nevertheless. "Edith is a lovely girl. Only I think when I'm her company she might play what I want to."

"I used to play with my little cousin," said aunty, "and we wasted a great deal of our visiting time trying to decide what we would play, until we made the rule for ourselves that whichever was 'company' should choose what to play the first hour. It worked like a charm; for, if one of us forgot, the other only had need to say, 'I'm the company,' to settle the matter at once."

"Oh, what a nice rule!" said Marian. "I'll tell Edith about it." And she ran off to show her little neighbor her magic looking-glass.

For Every Other Sunday.

TO SANTA CLAUS.

BY MARIAN K. BROWN.

Fifth Ave., N.Y., Dec. 10, 1906.

Dear Santa Claus,—Do you remember Sarah Jane that lives next to my grandma's? Well, don't you think you could give her the books and wind-up things and dolls that you usually give me for Christmas, and give me these things that I'm going to tell you about instead? I saw them at my grandma's, and I like them to play with better than anything you ever brought me.

I'd like a woods with a brook and stones and ferns, and oh! a lot of flowers growing that I can pick. I would like violets and sunflowers and dandelions (with curly stems). And there's something I found once that opens and is full of white silky stuff that blows, and I wish I could have some of those. I'm most particular about blue flowers—blue's my color, you know. I think it must be God's, too, because the sky and ocean are blue.

And some white trees I would like in my woods that bend over easy when you climb up them. I wish you could get me a dress like Sarah Jane's without anything to tear or get dirty on it. I'm always letting things happen to my clothes, and it just spoils all the fun I can have.

Could you have some of those trees, with fringy leaves on them, in my woods, and cup and saucer things—acones, I think you call them?

In the apple-trees have good places for seats and a swing and places to hide things and birds (not in any cage) with singers in their throats.

Could I have a real mud-puddle? I love mud-puddles! They're more fun than ponds in parks, 'cause you can do so many things with them—make rivers and water-falls and mud-pies and everything. Please be sure not to have any signs to keep off the grass and don't pick any flowers. I shall be very much displeased if there are any, and shall pull them right up by the roots.

I would just love to have some blueberries and red berries and black ones, too, growing around.

This is all you need to get me this Christmas because nurse is tired of writing for me.

Mamma told me she was sure you would bring me anything I wanted if I wrote to you.

Wishing you a "Merry Christmas,"
Your loving friend,
Marguerite S. Chandler.

P.S. This five dollars that is in here is my Christmas present for you. I was afraid you wouldn't get any presents. If people don't give you any, it isn't because they don't love you, dear Santa Claus, but because they think you have everything you want.

P.S. No. 2. This money isn't to give to anybody else—not even your own little girl, but for your own self to keep or buy something for yourself with it. M. S. C.

CONFUCIUS, the great Chinese reformer and philosopher, born 551 B.C., taught the duties arising from the five relations: emperor and subject; father and son; husband and wife; older and younger brother; friend and friend. He also taught the five virtues: benevolence, righteousness, propriety, knowledge, faith. His teachings dwelt most upon respect for one's parents. He recognized the existence of God.

KING WINTER'S SONG.

See the picture on page 53.

Oh, I am the friend of the boys and girls!
I am the fellow they love,
When there's plenty of frost on the earth below,
And plenty of sunshine above.
To me they look for the frozen pond,
All ready for skate and slide;
To me they turn with their sleds so swift
For a coasting hill so wide.

Selected.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

What are some of the ways by which we can make the most and the best of Christmas?

Do not strip away the legends and poetry that have given such a charm to the day.

Neither does the Editor consider it helpful to discuss with children at such a time whether the date is accurate as an historical fact. Take the idea as it comes with all its Santa Claus mythology. Let the elders renew childhood's fancies, and so keep fresh the blossomings of a healthy imagination. Too much are we given, in this day and generation, to the idol of matter-of-fact. Despise not the stocking, the green tree, and the household diversions that are a pleasure for all.

Let us remember that Christmas says "give," and not "get." Dickens' "Christmas Carol" ought to be read in every home each year as the joyous day comes round. It never grows old, and the message of kindness which it bears cannot fail to kindle similar sentiments. Our Sunday Schools may well plan to give presents to children poor and neglected.

Above all, let every opportunity be improved to spread the spirit of world-wide brotherhood and race good will. That is what Christmas means in a large sense. The poem which we publish in this number by one of our clergymen brings out that great thought. While Christmas brings gladness to the family fireside, it speaks of the greater family of man to which the different nations belong. The day should not pass simply as a selfish holiday, but through some channel young and old need to get a glimpse of this high ideal.

"Glory to God in the Highest," is something more than the song of a singer or the phrase of a speaker. The real glory which fitly arises from human endeavor is best shown in a world made better by those who inhabit it. That would be a daily anthem of praise, set forth triumphantly in lives of lofty spirit.

The Editor remembers when he planned to have children sing Christmas carols beneath the windows of invalids and at the doors of the poorhouse. The occasional remembrance ought to be made a continual habit. In words familiar; let us have Christmas the whole year. When this is accomplished, the great work of Christianity will be fulfilled If churches would forego elaborate efforts to teach doctrine, and become power-houses, as it were, of the spirit of the Master, then should we see a wonderful march, onward and upward, of human welfare. Let us begin the work in our Sunday Schools.

Joyous be the Christmas-tide to you all!

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charm'd and holy now
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new-born
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

22. When was the first published English Bible issued, and who was the translator?

23. What is understood by the term, "King James' version of the Bible"?

24. In what form did the Gospels first appear?

25. What is meant by the "canon of the New Testament"?

26. Is there an Apocrypha to the New Testament? If so, how many books are in it?

27. What is meant by the word, "septuagint"?

28. Of the four Gospels which is supposed to be the first written?

Answers

To questions published Nov. 4, 1906.

15. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

16. The passage of the Red Sea, Exodus xiv. 21, 22. Crossing the River Jordan, Joshua iii. 16, 17.

17. Esau. Genesis xxv. 29–34.

18. Psalm xix. 1.

19. The telling by Joseph of two dreams which he had, and in which his brothers made obeisance to him. Genesis xxxvii.

20. The angel of the Lord appeared to him in a burning bush. And the Lord commanded him from out of the bush to "bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt." Exodus iii.

21. "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Isaiah ii. 4.

Smiles are smiles only when the heart pulls the wire. Theodore Winthrop.

Let a man use great reverence and manners to himself. Pythagoras.

LETTER-BOX.

ENIGMA IX.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 18, 14, 15, 6, 22, is wet.
My 1, 16, 3, is what a baby takes.
My 2, 3, 3, 23, 13, is a fruit.
To be 10, 21, 19, 12, is a misfortune.
My 17, 25, 5, 13, 15, is often seen in vacant houses.
Some 5, 11, 20, 15, 11, 22, 9, go a good many miles.
My 23, 4, 18, is opposite of high.
My 8, 24, is a negative.
My 7, 8, is opposite of off.
My *whole* is an important event in modern history.

C. Elliot Hadley.

CHARADE.

My *first* is a fish.
My *second's* a letter.
My *third's* not far.
My *fourth* is a letter.
My *whole* a sweet flower,
You could wish for none better.

Rebecca Stuart.

A WORD OF THREE SYLLABLES.

My *first* is sometimes in the forest wild,
Sometimes at firesides gentle as a child.
Sometimes it eats with dire intent
Food which for better use was meant.
My *second* heads the alphabet,
And proudly in its place is set.
My *third* stands higher than a hill,
And overlooks long miles at will.
Take off my *first* and you devise,
A strong inducement to arise.
With *third* and *second* quite removed,
You have an animal well loved.
But, once again restore my head,
And you have that which all must dread.

Clara Wells.

RIDDLE.

To a word of consent add one-half of a fright,
Next subjoin what you never behold in the night;
These rightly connected, you'll quickly obtain
What numbers have seen, but will ne'er see again.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 6.

Charade.—Musketeer.

Enigma VII.—The Landing of Columbus.

Cross-word Enigma.—Sunflower.

Fish Game.—1. Sun fish. 2. Drum fish. 3. Sword fish. 4. Pilot fish. 5. Sucker. 6. Pike. 7. Sole. 8. Devil fish. 9. Perch.

Diamond Puzzle.

N
N*E*T
NEVER
T*E*D
R

We have two new names to add to the list of those who show their interest in the Letter-Box by sending us answers to puzzles,—Misses Edith Fowle, of Millbrook, and Sarah Edgar, of Duxbury, both of Mass.

BOOK TABLE.

The Jingle of a Jap. When the publishers call this "the most attractive juvenile of the year," they rely for the statement on the lavish wealth of suggestion which the author, Clara Bell Thurston, offers in her text and illustrations. The whole production is startlingly out of the ordinary. Because it is a delightful expression of what are to us Japanese oddities, the book must be seen to be understood. The strain of sentiment flows from the love of a Jap doll for a beautiful Parisian one, and every turn in the affair is charmingly chronicled by pen and pencil. Appropriate colors enrich the designs. Perhaps the most striking novelty is the real Jap doll on the cover. (H. M. Caldwell Company, 212 Summer Street, Boston. Price, $1.25.)

Love Letters of a Violinist. This is another issue of the Remarque Series, daintily bound in red leather. The author, Eric Mackay, was born in 1851 and died in 1898. The story of his emotions ranges from hope to despair, from regrets to faith, from sorrow to victory. He has "visions," "retrospects," and "yearnings," all of which are in graceful rhyme and graphic phrase. (H. M. Caldwell Company, Boston and New York. In full red leather, limp covers. Boxed. Pages, 144. Price, 55 cents; mail, 60 cents.)

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Rev. Edward A. Horton, Editor.

(a bi-weekly).

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